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S A T Y R

A G A I N S T

T E A.

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Waldron's Essay upon the Nature
and Qualities of Tea, &c. Dis-
sected, and Burlesqu'd.

By Mr. JOHN WALDRON.

D U B L I N:

Printed by Sylvanus Pepys, Bookseller in
Skinner-Row, 1733.

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Dr. Johnson's Essay upon the Nature
and Qualities of Tea, &c. Dis-
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By Mr. John Waldron.

DUBLIN.

Printed by Thomas Fegans, Bookseller in
St. James's Street, 1733.

A T Y R, &c.
Epigramma in Theam,
Compositum a Johanne Waldcon.

*allibus ex imis veni Thea, virga Sinensis;
 Quis me vix vix Phæbus ab axe suo;
 tenebris verò tandem, cæcoq; recessu,
 Me tulit Europæ Famina quæq; Potens:
 possuit Cælo fixam cum laude perenni,
 Meq; Theam fecit Viribus, Artē, Thean.*

F Amale Ovington, how poor, and thin,
 Is your starv'd Motto from * Peclin?
 How fullsome are your wise Quotations,
 from Natives fetch'd, or forreign Nations?

*Thea est de Cælo missa, terræ progenies,
 Divini nominis amula herba.*

Peclin. de usu Theæ.

For, after all your Praise of Tea,

Tea is inferior to Chopt-Hay;

Chopt-hay unlac'd, refines the Blood,

But Tea, unlac'd will do no good;

Chopt-Hay unlac'd, will please the Palate,

But, Tea unlac'd, will rather pall it;

Chopt-hay unlac'd, has sweeter Smell,

This must be own'd by every Belle,

That, to get Tea, wou'd go to H—ll.

If China, or Japan, bore Hay,

And we had plenty of their Tea,

Growing amongst us in this Land,

The Ladies wou'd, no doubt—command

That Cargoes shou'd be bought of Hay,

And spurn with pride their native Tea.

Thus foreign Goods, at dearer rate,

Will better please each Female Fate,

And native Hay is—out of doors,

To fodder Kine for Country Boors,

Because it grows in every Mud,

And doesn't belong to foreign Trade.

Our Ladies have a forreign Taste;
 They glory in excessive Waste,
 And take great Pride, and vast Delight,
 To send their Money out of Sight,
 T'enrich all Climes, beside their own,
 And flout at native Widows Moan.

By the same Vapours led, a *Black*
 They hire, t'attend their awful Back,
 Whilst many *Whites* address in vain,
 To make one in their pompous Train!
 Says Mistress *Flirt*, " Who can endure
 A *White*, I'd rather have a *Moor*.
 Is it because he's like the *D—l*,
 She makes a Choice of *Syrian* evil?

Continues She, " Cloath made of *Wool*,
 Becomes a home-spun Country Fool;
 But I chuse Silk, by Silk-worms wrought,
 'Tis Forreign, and more dearly bought.
 Thus She pursues her forreign Talk,
 Whilst Weavers must or beg, or walk.

I must confess, the Lady's civil
 To Worms, the Insects of the D—l;
 But what must Christian Weavers do?
 They all may starve, kind *Flirt*, for you.

In *Plays* also the *Fair* have gust
 Both always foreign, and unjust;
 Our English *Plays* each Miss disdain,
 And in their Empire *Violante* reigns:
 Because She can't be understood,
 Each word She says, must sure be good;
 But th' English Play-house is despis'd,
 And *French* alone amongst us priz'd,
 Or the *Italian* melting Song,
 That fills with Sound the Female Throng
 Thus ev'ry Popish stupid Ass
 Pays Homage to the Latin Mass,
 Because they know not what it means,
 Whilst *Church of England* meets with Stains:

But to return from my Digression,
 I Which is too long, by frank Confession,

Any Virtue we can find
 In forreign *Tea* of any kind,
 The Sugar works the pow'rful Cure,
 And not the *Tea*, we may be sure.
 Thus the *Mock-Bird* receives his Notes,
 When neighb'ring Birds exert their Throats,
 But, when they cease, he sings no more,
 And is the Bird, he was before.

A Cure in *Tea*? — It is a Joke all,

It's Virtue surely must be Local,

And not affect our Constitution,

With any Virtue but Pollution:

But here comes female *Ovington*,

With *Tea* in Belly — half a Ton.

“ It does prevent the lazy Gout,

And then again at second bout —

“ It checks the sandy Growth of Stone;

“ And cures it, when it is full-grown

“ All *Europe* must this truth confess,

“ In Gratitude they'll do no less.

“ Farther

" Farther to prove my valid Plan;

" The Gout was never in Japan;

" Or the feet Stone, nor has China;

" These sad Disorders ever saw,

" Because they have a plentiful Store

" Of valuable Tea for Rich and Poor.

The Gout and Stone, I do allow,

Few in Japan, or China, know;

But that, from other Cancres springs,

From th' Arbiter of humane things,

Who, in an Instant, without pause,

Establish'd first mysterious Laws,

To be obey'd by earthly Tracts,

Obey'd, because He them enacts.

Accordingly we may suppose,

(Suppose, we must, for none it knows)

That God at first ordain'd the Gout,

And Stone, by Art to be shut out

From Kingdoms of Japan and China;

If this be so, what can you say

In Favour of your darling Tea.

But, since each plain Seraphick Reason,
 'Gainst Pow'r of Tea, must be meet Treason,
 I'll once allow, for fashion-sake,
 Tea has the Virtues, which you speak:
 " It does prevent the Stone and Gout,
 " And Maladies, which you left out:
 Is it in Europe?—No.—Where then?
 Is't it in China and Japan?
 The Virtue is Local, you must own,
 When Tea's transported, 'tis quite gone:
 For Northern Climes, where most 'tis drunk,
 By Lady, Lord, and common Punk,
 Abound each day with Gout and Gravel,
 Pains to be fear'd, like female Travel:
 You own this truth, and still you say,
 In words of Peclin, Heav'nly Tea:
 Heav'nly? because in Vales it grows?
 (That Reason's bad, each Idiot knows)
 Or because it wafts in Air
 Ten thousand Vapours from the *Fair*?

Here.

Here ~~Con-~~ pours upon me still,
 Instead of Tea, this empty Skill;
 Says he, " When e'er the Tartars eat
 " With greedy Appetite raw Meat,
 " The Meat is rude, and won't digest,
 " Because the Meat was never drest:
 " What must they do?—they fly to Tea,
 " Which makes their *Shiches* play away.
 Well said, my doct. *Hermophrodite*,
 Your Cause is always pretty right,
 When e'er you talk of nought but sh—te,
 Allowing this,—the Virtue's Local,
 And thus in Praise of Tea, I spoke all
 Farther, to shew your Allegation
 Forreign to our Northern Nation,
 In Northern Clime we roast, or boil,
 Or,—may be, bake our carnal Spoil,
 And eat no raw Flesh, like a Tartar,
 Nor give such Food to common Carter;
 So far are we from staining Plate
 With vile Horse-flesh, at any rate.

Tho' a raw piece of Horse-flesh-carron,
 You'd make a luscious Dish for Tartar-Baron.

From whence, it seldom comes to pass,
 We ever hang a costive A---le,
 Much less the *Fair*, who most are loose,
 And, were they bound, might use *Lettuce*,
 Or laxative *Figs*, or *Oysters*,
 Luscious enough for Anch'rite-Cloysters,
 Or many other Cures of note,
 By Doctors prov'd of stanch report.
 Since this is so, how can you plea

The Mission of your darling Tea?

Why?—Tea make costive Ladies sh---te,

And tempers heat, in heats despite;

This makes me praise it to the *Fair*.

Let men rail on,—what need I care,

Since the *Fair* Sex is pleas'd to spare.

Well, Sir,—You hope your self to coop,

Within the Circle of their Hoop;

But,

But, if the Tea shou'd make them sh--te,
 'Tis two to one, — You'd be be-dikt,
 And be be-mir'd, in lieu of Praise,
 You throw away on various Teas.
 A just Reward / Some *Fair* may think
 For Pen bedaub'd with useless Ink,
 Which paints fair Ladies, savage Tartars,
 (Cannibals, more rough than Carters)
 And gives them with unthinking Nonsense
 A Stomach crude, and heat intense;
 Then to their Aid, calls Phyeic-Tea,
 From distant *Japan*, or *China*:

O *Ovington*! to Reason lost!
 Our *Sorrel* may Tea-virtue boast,
 Wise *Ovington* kill Tea-pulse,
 And tells us still of Tea more News;
 * The Scurvy, by high Feeding bred,
 * It cures, and Megrim of the Head;
 Tea cure the Megrim of the Head?
 It rather helps to — nips the Bed.

Tea turns our Blood to p^{er}jury,

And then, how can it cure the Sc^{or}vy?

It sweet'n the Blood, and move the Acid

With pointed Salt of Atoms placid?

This Virtue is not in Tea-Salt,

But Juice of our straw-colour'd *Malt*.

" Hold, Sir, says *Quin*, — Tea-Salts combine

" To banish Vapours of rough Wine;

What then? sound *Coffee* does the like,

Or Water found in Country-Dike,

Or brought from River, or from Font,

As well as Tea, prais'd by *Le Compté*.

Ovington adds, " Tea helps to keep

" The wearied Limbs from creeping Sleep:

O wondrous Virtue of Tea-stuff!

A Virtue found, in common Snuff.

He adds, " It clears the clouded Sight. —

And *Rue*, as well, removes the Night.

" It cures the Dropic-watry Ill ;

" Fam'd Tea has such inherent Skill !

Allowing

Allowing this,—Tea has sad Frolicks,
 It plants *Diabetes* and *Cholicks*.
 Wife *Ovington* deserves green Bays,
 For praising brightly various Teas;
 But, were we wise, *Ovington's* Tea
 Wou'd be transported over Sea,
 And to us for ever Forreign be
 No longer Tea, but * *Fokein-Tea*.

* A Province in China, where Tea is call'd *Tea*.

F I N I S.

Allowing

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